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## PAYSON, DUNTON & SCRIBNER'S NATIONAL SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP

The peculiar adaptability of the *writing* taught in this System, to *business* purposes, and the unequalled *results* produced in the *school* room by its method of teaching has justly entitled it the

ORIGINAL STANDARD OF AMERICAN PENMANSHIP.

**POTTER, AINSWORTH & COMPANY,**

NEW YORK.







- 1 The Rights of Woman
- 2 Charles Words
- 3 Parting
- 4 Friend
- 5 Storm & Calm
- 6 Constancy
- 7 The Builders x
- 8 The Hawthorn Spray
- 9 The Picket
- 10 Realization
- 11 To a friend
- 12 College Friends
- 13 The Trooper's Sacrifice
- 14 Goodbye (Poem)
- 15 Humility
- 16 In Paradise
- 17 Sweet Home
- 18 Psalm of Life
- 19
- 20 The way to be happy
- 21 Good Bye (Poetry)
- 22 I'll think of thee
- 23 Hope on, Hope Ever
- 24 A Wish
- 25 Sweet Spirit Comfort me
- 26 Make the best of it
- 27 I wish to be alone
- 28 Resignation
- 29 Peace Home
- 30 Gentle Winds

Anne Simpson  
 Gretta Morgan  
 Annie Ball  
 Alice Fremblet  
 Annie Carter  
 Martha Williams  
 Emma Woolley  
 Labitha Thomas  
 Sarah Morgan  
 Mary Evans  
 Julia Pittfield  
 Clara Williams  
 Mary Colbourne  
 Annie Mutton  
 Amelia Holmes  
 Emma Knowles  
 Hattie Rixon  
 Polly Vincent  
 Carrie Knowles  
 Emma Richardson  
 Annag Rose  
 Sally Cook  
 Annie Thompson  
 Lucy Giddons  
 Florrie Lacey  
 & L  
 Josephine Corner  
 Annie Williams  
 Alice Honourball



31. Remembrance
32. Ebb Tide
33. The Teachers Union
34. Fond Wishes
35. Drive Watch & Pray
36. Parting
37. Lines to Women
38. A Wish
39. Separation
40. Happiness
41. In Memoriam
42. Then and Now
43. Memory
44. A Sonnet
45. A good wife
46. The Rainy day
47. Scraps
48. Little things at best
49. Memory
50. Froakers
51. A swarm of bees worth having
52. Gentle words

Gladys Evans.  
 Nellie Ayler  
 Jerry Simpson  
 Kate Gardner  
 Alice Brooks  
 Jessie Tudor.  
 Annie Hove

Pollie Biltett  
 Lillie Freygaard  
 Eliza Lewis  
 Clara M. Williams

Lucy Partridge  
 Julia Hall  
 Annie Chamberlain  
 Nellie Sanson  
 Ethel Hull  
 Alice Lloyd  
 Emma Chalfont

Jessie Palmer  
 Sarah Fry  
 W. Jones

Fishponds

April 20<sup>th</sup> 1873



# The "Diamond in the Rough".

C. D. Meigs.

A diamond "in the rough",  
Is a diamond - sure enough,  
For, though yet it may not sparkle,  
It is made of diamond stuff.

Of course, some one must find it,  
Or it never will be found,  
And then some one must grind it,  
Or it never will be ground.

But when it's found ~~and~~ when it's ground,  
And when it's burnished bright,  
That diamond's everlastingly  
just flashing out its light.

O! teacher in the Sunday-school,  
Don't think you've "done enough",  
That worst boy in your class may be  
A diamond in the rough.

x sibilant

Perhaps you think he's "grinding you"!  
And possibly you're right,  
But it may be you need grinding,  
To burnish you up bright.



*A swarm of Bees worth Stiving;  
or, Bees without stings.*

---

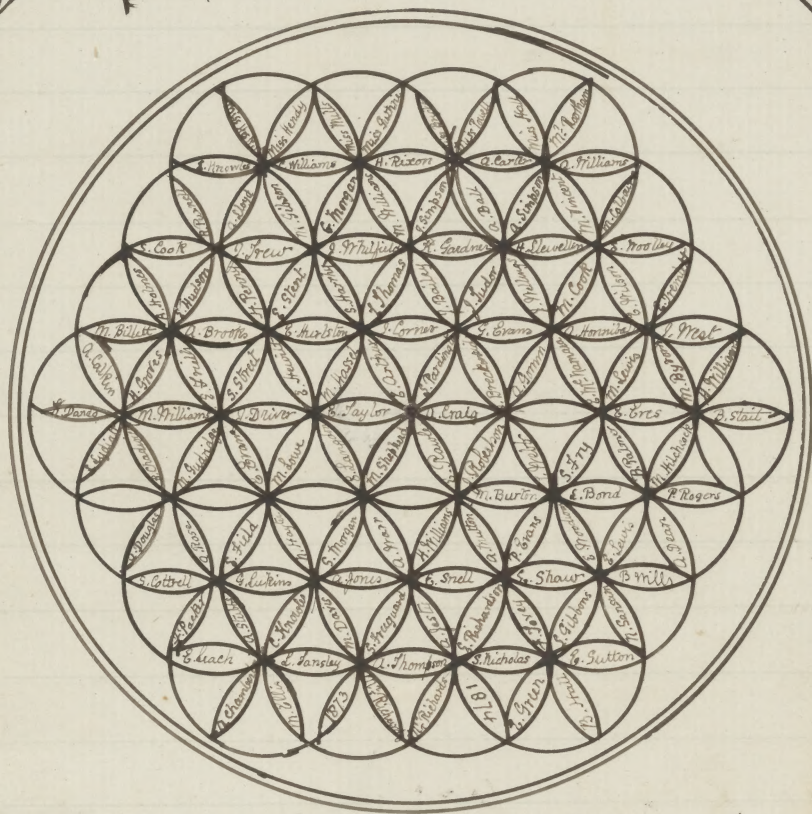
*B* patient, *B* prayerful, *B* humble, *B* mild;  
*B* wise as a Solon, *B* meek as a child;  
*B* studious, *B* thoughtful, *B* loving, *B* kind  
*B* sure you make matter subservient to mind;  
*B* cautious, *B* prudent, *B* trustful, *B* true;  
*B* courteous to all men; *B* friendly with few;  
*B* temperate in argument, *B* cautious of wine;  
*B* careful of conduct, of money, of time;  
*B* cheerful, *B* grateful, *B* hopeful, *B* firm,  
*B* peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;  
*B* courageous, *B* gentle, *B* liberal, *B* just;  
*B* aspiring, *B* humble, because thou art dust;  
*B* penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith;  
*B* active, devoted, *B* faithful till death;  
*B* lowest, *B* holy, transparent and pure;  
*B* dependent, *B* Christ-like, and you'll *B* secure.

---

W. St. Louis  
June 30<sup>th</sup> 74



# Fishponds Students



December 10<sup>th</sup> 1874

With best wishes  
from Hettie P...



## Gentle Words.

How sweet are the words of kindness  
From those dear ones we love,  
How like celestial favours  
Descended from above.

The heart, all seared with sadness,  
Revives, and loves again  
Like fainting summer flowers  
Beneath the welcome rain.

The ways of life are stormy,  
Beset with snare and wile,  
No flowery paths are trodden,  
Except where dreams beguile

And every year we wander,  
Along the dreary maze  
A deeper tinge of sadness  
Comes o'er the mental gaze.

'Tis true the cloudy curtain,



Above us sometimes parts  
And gleams of balmy sunshine.  
Fall on our drooping hearts.

They are those words of kindness,  
That greet our grateful ears.  
From friends whose lengthened silence  
Is counted up in years.

I guard those wordy treasures,  
As misers guard their hoards  
How costless, yet how priceless  
Are sweet and gentle words.

Sunday.

15. 11. 1844.

With love & best wishes  
from "Janet... B."

Giving.

"And must I be giving again and again?"  
"Oh! no," said the Angel, his glance  
pierced me through,  
"Just give till the master stops  
giving to you."

C. O. Erhardt.  
Rev Lily Fox Wain  
Jan. 1918.



## Happiness

Happiness consists not in the pursuit of gaiety, but in the consciousness of doing our duty, and in the satisfaction of giving pleasure to others. There is always something we can do to lessen the troubles and vexations of those around us.

He who every night can look back with satisfaction upon a well spent day and can recall some gentle word he has spoken, — can think, he has lightened some sad stricken heart by kindness, be the aid he has afforded ever so small, cannot fail to be at peace with his Maker, himself and the world; and is in possession of true happiness.

L. A. S.



# The Rights of Woman.

The rights of woman! what are they?  
The right to labour and to pray;  
The right to comfort in distress  
The right when others curse - to bless;  
The right to love whom others scorn,  
The right to comfort all who mourn;  
The right to shed new joy on earth,  
The right to feel the soul's high worth;  
The right to lead the soul to GOD,  
Along the path her saviour trod:-  
The path of faith that leads above:-  
The path of meekness and of love:-  
The path of patience under wrong:-  
The path in which the weak grow strong  
Such - "woman's rights," and GOD will bless  
And grant support and give success

---

May 11<sup>th</sup> 1873.

To my dearest Ruth  
from  
Annie Simpson



Careless Words

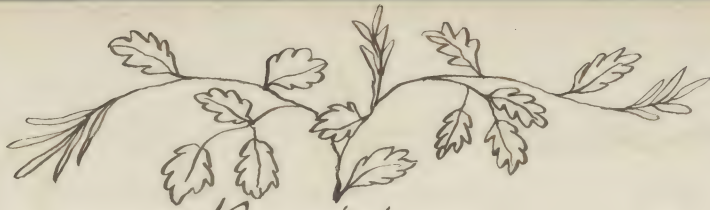
Think ere you speak in careless words  
When those you love are near,  
Beware lest painful thoughts are near,  
In the hearts of those that hear,  
For 't is not angry words alone,  
That will distress the heart,  
A careless word has often caused  
The bitter tear to start.

When those are round you that you love  
Be thrushful and be kind,  
That word or deed may never leave  
Regretful thoughts behind,  
Oh! value thoughts that are your own  
As gems of richest worth,  
Even in tones of mirth,  
And never speak an unkind word.

Large Lecture Room  
May 11<sup>th</sup> 1873.

To dear Ruth  
With love  
From "Gretta"





## Parting.

'Tis hard to hear the unkind tone  
That cause the tears to start  
But from the friends we dearly love  
'Tis harder still to part.

'Tis hard to find in those we trust  
A false deceitful heart.  
But from the loved, the true and kind  
'Tis harder still to part.

'Tis hard the guiltless should receive  
The lie envenomed dart  
But harder still that constant Friends  
Such calumny should part.

'Tis hard to watch the loved ones cheek  
Fade by afflictions smart.  
But oh! when dissolution comes  
'Tis harder still to part.

From your little wife Nancy.



# T I R E D

Tired ah yes so tired dear  
The day has been very long  
But shadowy gloaming draweth near  
Tis time for the even song  
I'm ready to go to rest at last  
Ready to say "Good night"  
The sunset glow darkens fast  
To-morrow will bring me light.

It has seemed so long since morning tide  
And I have been left so lone  
Young smiling faces thronged my side  
When the early sunshine shone  
But they grew tired long ago  
And I saw them sink to rest  
With folded hands & brows of snow  
On the green earth's mother breast



Sing once again "Abide with me"  
That sweetest evening hymn  
And now "Good night." I cannot see  
The light has grown so dim  
Tired ah yes, so tired dear  
I shall soundly sleep to night  
And never a dream I never a fear  
To wake in the morning light  
SS=====SS

To dear Ruth  
with fond love  
from Alice S.

---

Large Lecture Room  
June 1<sup>st</sup>/73

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## Storm & Calm

Over a troubled sea

A lone bird flying  
Under that troubled sea

The sad day dying  
Over a troubled sky

The storm clouds flying  
Under that troubled sky

A sad heart crying  
Over a new-made grave

A heartsease blowing  
Under that little grave

No tears are flowing  
Over that quiet grave

The day is breaking  
Under the smile of God

An angel waking

Large Lecture Room  
April 20<sup>th</sup> 1873

To  
My dear Ruth  
From  
Annie L



## Memory.

Oh! Keep me in thy memory  
I will not ask thee more

We may not meet, as we have met  
Now youth's bright dream is o'er  
Your path, and mine in life may be  
In future far apart

But time may bring us change of scene  
And yet not change the heart  
For you, for me, our paths may go  
Apart the world to leave

But keep me in your memory  
Tis all - Tis all I crave. -

To dearest "Ruth"

with the love and best wishes

of "Bessie Palmer."



## Constancy

To love an absent one for years - to hope for  
his return  
To shed the tears of bitterness, and day and  
night to mourn;  
Nay, to refuse the rich man's love for that  
far distant one  
And turn all thoughts, all hope to him, the  
young heart's summer sun

---

Altho' this is constancy indeed but hearts may  
constant be  
Although the object of their love cross not the  
distant sea  
Yet Oh! for dreary days and years the  
passion still to feel  
Which woman's tongue may never tell  
which she may ne'er reveal

---

To watch o'er all his happiness, to weep if  
he but sigh  
To mourn if pale be his cheek, or sunken



be his eye  
Yet let not her anxiety, her feelings e'en  
be shown.  
And if she weep to turn away, and shed  
her tears alone

---

To still the tremblings of her hand if it  
by him be press'd,  
To treasure all his kindly words, within her  
aching breast,  
To stand his firm defender if foul calumny  
should speak  
Yet check the tears that strive to fall and  
cool her burning cheek.

---

To see him wed another one, yet calm  
her bursting heart  
And strive to bid all others - save a sister's  
love depart  
Yet this has been, still is, may oft again  
will be  
For this is woman's truest love, and  
woman's constancy

---

To Dearest Ruth,  
from Martha



# The Builders

All are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of time;  
Some with massive deeds & great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens & supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Giv'n is with materials filled;  
Ours to-days & yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape & fashion these;  
Leave no yawning gaps between;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,



Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute & unseen part;  
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen & the seen;  
Make the house, where gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb

Build today, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm & ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall tomorrow find its place

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

Y<sup>rs</sup> dear  
With E. W. W. and love



Thou art our Father.

There are who sigh, that no fond heart is theirs,  
None loves them best - O vain & selfish sigh!  
Out of the bosom of His love, He spares, -  
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die.

For thee He died - for thee He lives again  
Over thee He watches in His boundless reign  
Thou art as much His care, as if beside  
Nor man nor angel lived in heaven & earth.  
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide  
To light up worlds, or make an insect's mirth.

They shine & shine with unexhausted store, -  
Thou art thy Saviour's darling. Seek no more.  
On thee & thine thy warfare & thy end  
E'en in His hour of agony He thought -  
When ere the final pang, His soul should read  
The ransomed spirits one by one were brought  
To His mind's eye - two silent nights & days  
In calmness for this far - seen hour He stays.

Sunday Sep<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>  
1873.

To dear Ruth in  
fond remembrance  
of Lucie.



## Forsaken

Why doth she look so sad?  
Why doth she weep?  
Why heave that heavy sigh?  
So mournful, yet sweet.  
Hath she a parent dead?  
Sister or brother?  
No; she has been deceived,  
By her false lover.

§§§  
Her youthful heart he won,  
Without one strife.  
Promised with many vows,  
To love her through life.  
Faithless and cold he grew  
Day after day  
Till childhood's happy dream  
Vanished away.

§§§

Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1874

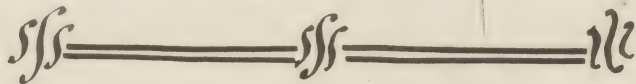
To dearest "Beth" with  
the love & best wishes of  
"Lara Fay."



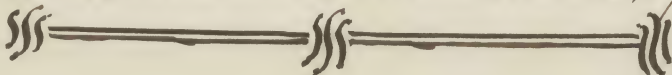
# The Hawthorn Spray

---

She showed me a spray of hawthorn  
Its flowers were closed and dead  
Yet she held it as dear as a jewel  
It was given to her she said,  
By one, whose faith and affection  
Made life a summers day  
And so, I did not wonder  
She treasured the hawthorn spray.



She spoke of a farewell meeting  
In the moonlight-calm and fair  
And of one who had gathered the blossom  
And laid it on her dark hair;  
She told how the blue wave bore him  
Her sailor — far away  
And so I could not wonder  
She treasured the hawthorn spray.



To darling Ruth  
with the fond love  
of Sabitha



## Your Life.

There's no harm in taking all the peeps at other people's lives you want to — and getting out of 'em all the experience and good you can find — but don't try and live 'em all. If you do you'll be neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

Live one life — your own — and live it just as hard and just as deep as you can. You'll have something then to show yourself when the years are done and you've reached the end. It may not content you altogether, but it will keep you from whining.

Make your life; take your chances; don't be <sup>afraid</sup> of what's back of you or what's before you; just live the best you know how and live it strong. You'll make mistakes, lots of them; but mistakes are better than fence-perching or stagnation; it's easier for the Lord creator to forgive mistakes than idle rotting. The real folks understand, and death doesn't frighten you when you die. You know there's something too alive inside of you, for all eternity to kill".

C. O. Erhardt.



The Picket on the Potomac.  
(An American Poem. Written during the  
American War).

"All quiet along the Potomac tonight  
Except the how and then a stray picket's shot.  
As he walks on his beat to and fro  
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.  
No shouting - a private or two now and then  
Will not count in the tale of a battle  
Not an officer lost - only one of the men  
Breathing out all alone the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight  
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming.  
Their tents in the ray of the clear autumn Moon  
And the light of the watch-fires gleaming.  
A tremulous sigh from the gentle-night-wind  
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping  
While the stars up above with their glittering eyes  
Keep watch while the army is sleeping.



It is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread  
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain  
And thinks of the two in the low-cumpled bed  
Far away in the hut on the mountain  
His mustet falls slack. His face dark and grim  
Grows gentle with memories tender  
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep.  
For their mother - May Heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then.  
That night when the love yet unspoken  
Leaped up to his lips & when low-murmured vows  
Were pledged - never more to be broken.  
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes  
He dashes the tears that are welling  
And gathers his gun close up to its place.  
As if to keep down the heart-swellings

He passes the fountain - he blasts the pine-tree  
The footstep is lagging and weary  
Yet onward he glides through the broad belt of light  
Towards the shade of a forest so dreary.  
Dark! was it the night wind that ruffled the  
(leaves)



Is the moonlight so suddenly flashing  
It looked like a rifle - Ah! Mary - Good Night!  
His life-blood is ebbing and flashing.

All quiet along the Potomac. Tonight  
No sound save the rush of the river  
But the dew falls unseen on the face of the dead.  
The picket's off duty. - for ever.

Sunday May 15<sup>th</sup> 1843.

To dear Ruth  
with love from  
S. M.

Smile.

Smile a smile

While you smile, another smiles,  
And soon there's miles and miles  
Of smiles. And life's worth while  
If you but smile.



# Waiting

Learn to wait - life's hardest lesson  
Gained perchance through blinding tears

---

## Speak, Lord.

Take me away from the noise & din, of the weary world, and  
its scenes of sin;

Take me away to some secret place,

Where I may look for my Father's face.

Lord I am weary and fain would see,

Not faces of strangers, but only Thee;

And amid this pain of bewildering noise

I long for Thy pe children's peaceful joys.

Speak to me Father, I yearn and wait

To hear Thy voice, but the time is late;

Oh give me patience, or let me hear

The step of my Father drawing near.

Only a word let me hear tonight,

For the way is dark, and I need a light,

Only whisper to me "My child,"

I am with thee amid the wild.

Then, O Lord, I shall stronger grow,



And patient to wait, till Thy will I know;  
Then glad and grateful and satisfied  
I will love to walk by my Father's side.  
I have but a little while to wait,  
Till I stand at last at the golden gate;  
Then, O Father, the joy will be,  
That evermore I shall be with Thee.  
Only till then the way is long,  
And I yearn to join in the angel's song;  
Let me but know that my God is near  
Speak, O Lord, for I long to hear.

---

---

Eliza Ward.



# III Realization. III

Can it be true that a blow has been stricken  
Sudden and heavy, and hard to be borne  
Making a rent in the bright happy circle  
Taking a dear one for whom all must mourn

Can it be true that along the dark valley  
One has passed safely and fearlessly too  
One who has finished for ever and ever  
The work upon earth God had given her to do

Can it be true that the trials and sorrows  
Which in this world are so bitter to bear  
Reach not that home & that heaven of gladness  
Where the dear one dwells free from care.

Can it be true that the eyes which so often  
Have brightened with joy or saddened with grief  
Are now turned unceasingly on to their maker  
The presence of Whom she had oft tried to seek



Can it be true that the voice which so often  
Has joined with us here in praises and prayer  
Is now being tuned to unite with the angels  
In singing with rapture God's Sweet Praises there

---

Can it be true that the form which so often  
Has bent with us here in prayer to our God  
Is being made pure to inherit the mansion  
Which Christ hath prepared by His own precious Blood

---

Yes it is true that the conflict is over  
True that the tired head has now reached its rest  
True that the angels have welcomed a sister  
To share in their glory & dwell with the best.

---

Large Lecture Room  
May 18<sup>th</sup> 1873.

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To dearest Ruth  
With fondest love  
from Pollie E. S.

---

And so with the sheep we earnestly plead,  
For the sake of the lambs today,  
If the lambs are lost, what a terrible cost,  
Some sheep may have to pay.

The 5 sheep of the Flock. - C. D. Meigs.

We oft hear the plea for trying to keep  
"The lambs of the Flock" in the fold,  
And well we may; but then what of the sheep?  
Shall they be left out in the cold?

'Twas a sheep, not a lamb, that strayed away,  
In the parable Jesus told,  
A grown up sheep that had gone astray,  
From ninety and nine in the fold.

Out in the wilderness, out in the cold,  
'Twas a sheep the good shepherd sought,  
And back to the flock, safe into the fold,  
'Twas a sheep the good shepherd brought.

And why for the sheep should we earnestly long  
And as earnestly hope and pray?  
Because there is danger, if they go wrong,  
They will lead the young lambs astray.

For the lambs will follow the sheep you know,  
Whenever the sheep may stray;  
If the sheep go wrong, it will not be long  
Till the lambs are as wrong as they.  
See other side of this



## To a Friend

Oh! let the title of this rhyme  
Oft bring her to thy mind,  
Who prov'd thee many a happy day  
A friend sincere and kind:  
And when the path we both have trod,  
Thou hast alone to tread,  
Oh, then I ask - remember me,  
And be this offering read.

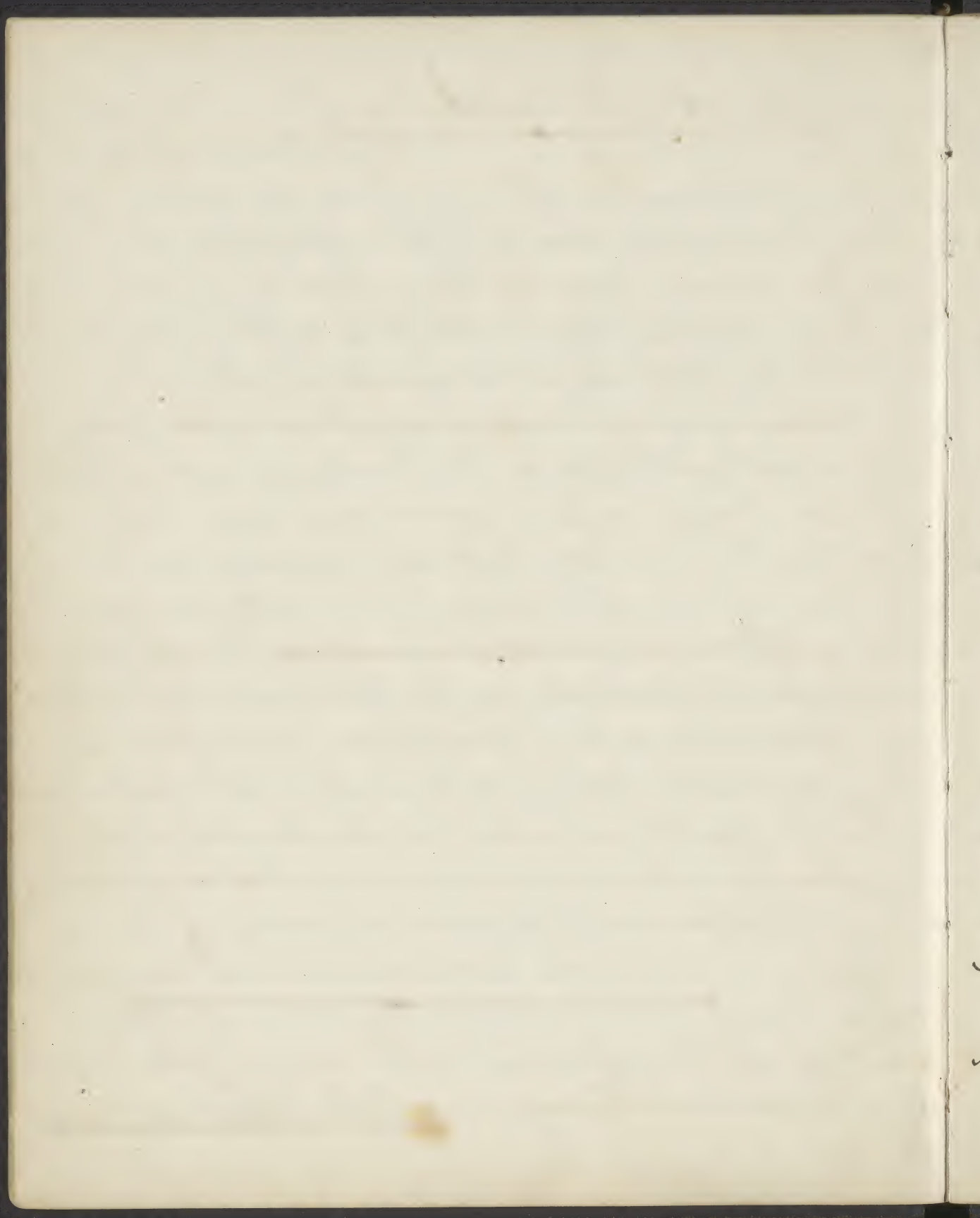
## A Wish

Where'er your abode, be that home ever blest,  
And never with Poverty be you oppress'd:  
May health's rose tint on your cheeks long appear,  
And happiness yours be for many a year:  
Till life, like a full sheaf doth gloriously end,  
'Tis a wish from the heart of:—

Your own dearest Friend.

Large Lecture Room  
Ascension Day

To dear Ruth  
With Julia's love





# College Friends

We live in joyous union here  
Each one a happy season spends  
We've even in grief a solace near  
For each one has her "College Friend"

But these sweet days will soon be past  
Some of separation spend  
Ah then perhaps on earth no more  
We'll meet again our "College Friend"

Get oft amid the din of life  
Where busy our daily labours end  
Our friends' soundings will be nigh  
With visions of our "College Friend"

When thus our earthly woes to heal  
And memory its welcome lends  
Garnet longings we shall feel  
To see once more our "College Friend"

But some will then have run their race  
And where the weeping willow bends  
The stone will mark the resting place  
Of those who were our "College Friends"

For mortal days on earth are few  
From death each one in turn attends  
He'll summon me, he'll summon you  
As well as all our College Friends

But there is yet a brighter land  
A land above where life never ends  
There let us hope at God's right hand  
To meet again our College Friends

Large Lecture Room  
Ascension Day, 1873

To dear Ruth  
With love from  
Elen

"Should we be less than joyful  
in the joy that God gives one when he stops  
to take our clearest to himself" Promise  
He will keep his mind in perfect peace  
His heart is staid on him



# The Mother's Sacrifice.

What shall I render Thee Father Supreme  
For Thy rich gifts, and this the best of all  
Said a young Mother, as she fondly watched  
Her sleeping babe. There was an  
answering voice.

"That night in dreams.

"Thou hast a little Bud  
Wrapt in thy breast and fed with dews of love.  
Give Me that Bud?"

"I will be a flower in Heaven."

But there was silence; yea, a hush so deep  
Breathless and terror-stricken  
That the lip

Blanched in its trance.

---

"Thou hast a little Harp  
How sweetly would it swell the Angels hymn.  
Give Me that Harp?"

"There burst a shuddering sob  
As if the bosom by some hidden sword

Was cleft in twain.

Morn came. A blight had struck  
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud.  
The Harp strings rang a thrilling strain & broke  
And that young Mother lay upon the earth  
In childless agony.

---

---

Again the Voice

That stirred her vision.  
"He Who asked of Thee loveth a cheerful giver"  
So she raised her gushing eyes  
And ere the tear drop dried  
Upon its fringes, smiled;  
And that meek smile like Abraham's faith  
Was counted righteousness.

---

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Large Lecture Room  
Ascension Day  
May 23<sup>rd</sup>/73.

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To dearest Ruth  
With the fond love of  
Lizzie Colbourne.

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## Never Say Fail!

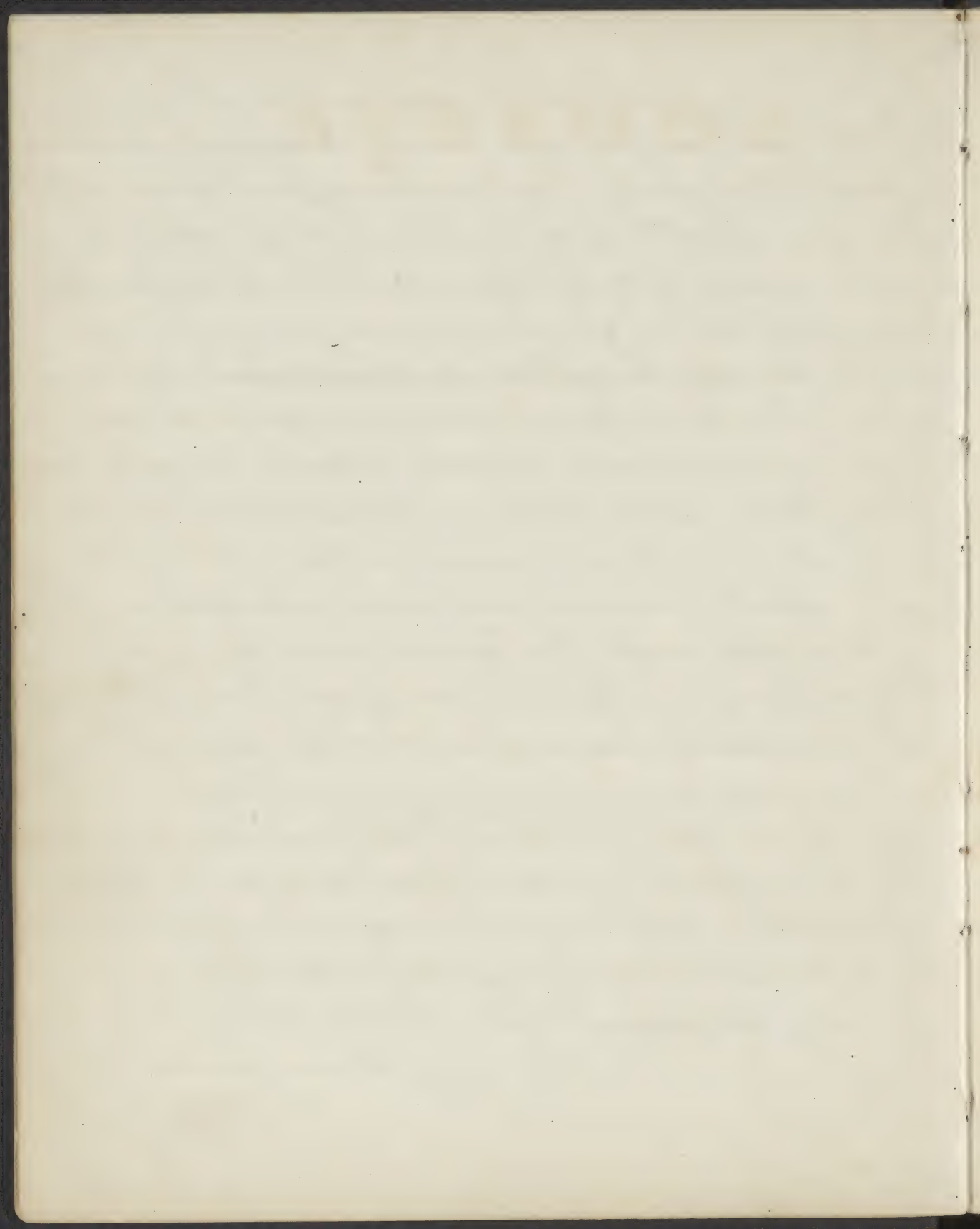
Keep pushing - 'tis wiser than sitting aside,  
And dreaming, and sighing and waiting the <sup>tide</sup>  
In life's earnest battle they only prevail  
Who daily march onward and never say fail!

With an eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb,  
And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb -  
You'll battle and conquer, though thousands assail,  
How strong and how mighty who never say fail!

The spirit of angels is active I know  
As higher, and higher in glory they go;  
Methinks on bright pinions from Heaven they sail,  
To cheer and encourage who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning, in manhood's firm prime,  
Let this be the motto your footsteps to guide;  
In storm and in sunshine, whatever assail  
We'll onward and conquer, and never say fail!

Yours sincerely  
M.H.B.





# GOOD BYE.

It is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it may be so, but let them. Ice hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance, & started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word is spoken, - we part and are out upon the ocean of time, - we go to meet again, - when, and where, God only knows. It may be soon, it may be never. Take care that your "Good Bye" be not a cool one, it may be the last that you can give. Ere you can meet again your friends, - death's cold hand may have closed his eyes, & sealed his lips for ever. Ah! he may have died in thinking you loved him not. Again it may be a long separation. Friends crowd onward & give you their hands. How do you detect in each "Good Bye" the love that lingers there, & how you may bear away with you

the memory of those parting words.  
We must often separate. Fear not yourself  
away with a careless boldness that  
defies all love, but make your last  
words linger. Give the heart its full  
utterance, and if tears fall - what of it  
Tears are not unmanly.

---

To Dearest Nellie  
"With fond love  
of Anne."

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## Humility.

Humble we must be if to Heaven we go;  
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.  
Whene'er thou speakest look with lowly eye  
Grace is increased by humility.

---

June 3<sup>rd</sup>  
1873.

To our dear Ruth  
With best love from  
Amelia.



## "In Paradiso"

A mother sat by Malta's Sea  
Though long the sun had set  
Her head was resting on her knee

Her cheek with tears was wet,  
Ah! where I asked is that fair child  
Who sported round you free and wild  
As ocean in its flow: -

She pointed upward to the sky  
And only answered with a sigh

"In Paradiso."

"He left me here alone, she said  
My bright, my lovely boy,  
The infant from his mother fled  
To dwell in endless joy,  
He'll sport no more beside the sea  
He'll never smile again on me  
Whilst I am here below,

Angels have borne him from the tomb  
A spotless flower again to bloom

"In Paradiso."

I mourn not he has passed away  
Nor light his patron's shrine  
No masses for his soul I say  
Nor useless garlands twine  
For as I sit upon the strand  
When waves come rippling o'er the sand  
And light-winds softly blow  
I see him midst the cherub throng  
I hear his joyful heavenly song  
"In Paradise"

May 25<sup>th</sup> 1873.

To dear Ruth.  
with love from  
Emma Knowles.



## Sweet Home.

Home's not merely four square walls  
Though hung with pictures nicely gilded  
Home is where affection calls  
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded  
Home! Go watch the faithful dove  
Sailing neath the heaven above us.  
Home is where there's one to love,  
Home is where there's one to love us

---

Home is not merely roof and room  
Home needs something to endear it  
Home is where the heart can bloom  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it  
What is home with none to meet?  
None to welcome, none to greet us,  
Home is sweet, & only sweet  
Where there's one we love, to meet us

---

Large Lecture Room  
May 25<sup>th</sup> 1873

To dear Ruth  
with fond  
love from  
Hatty

---

## A Psalm of Life

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream";  
For the soul is dead that slumbers  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real; Life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal,  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each tomorrow  
Finds us farther than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though strong and brave,  
Still like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,



In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb driven cattle;  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant:  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act - act in the living present.  
Heart within, and God overhead.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time:-

Footprints that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother  
Seeing may take heart again.

Let us then, be up and doing  
With a heart for any fate.  
Still achieving, still pursuing  
Learn to labour and to wait.

With love to Ruth  
From Pollie Vincent

"Others" — C. W. Meigs.

Lord help me live from day to day,  
In such a self-forgotten way,  
That even when I kneel to pray,  
My prayer shall be for — Others.

Help me in all the work I do,  
To ever be sincere and true,  
And know that all I'd do for you,  
Must needs be done for Others.

Let "Self" be ~~sacrificed~~ crucified and slain,  
And buried deep; and all in vain,  
May efforts be to rise again,  
Unless to live for Others.

And when my work on earth is done,  
And my new work in heaven's begun,  
May I forget the crown I've won,  
While thinking still of Others.

Others, Lord, yes, others,  
And none of "Self" for me,  
Help me to live for others,  
That I may live like Thee.



Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one  
Have limits to its mercy: God has none.

And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,  
But yet he stops to give it! More complete  
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,  
And pleads with thee to raise it! Only heaven  
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says "Forgiven".  
A. A. Procter.

Sunday June 8<sup>th</sup> / 43

Chk.

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted."

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters  
returning

Back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy  
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance  
is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
Thou didst seek after me, - that thou didst wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?  
O strange delusion! - that I did not greet  
Thy ~~but~~ approach, and oh! to Heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet,  
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
"Soul, from thy casement look, & thou shalt see  
How He persists to knock & wait for thee!"  
And oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,  
"Tomorrow we will open", I replied,  
And when the morrow came, I answered still  
"To-morrow".

Large Lecture Room  
Nov: 30<sup>th</sup> 1873.

To dear Ruth  
With best love  
from  
Pollie E.

Heart is made godlike,  
Purified strengthened perfected, and rendered  
more loving of heaven" (CH).



## The way to be happy.

Begin the day with God  
Kneel down to Him in Prayer  
Lift up thy heart to His abode  
And pay thy worship there.

Go through the day with God  
Whate'er thy work may be  
Where'er thou art at home abroad  
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God  
Thy spirit heavenward turn  
Acknowledge every good bestowed  
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God.  
Thy sins to Him confess  
Trust in the Saviour's precious Blood  
Cleave to his righteousness.

Home at last

Child do not fear, we shall reach our home  
to night

For the sky is clear & the waters bright  
And the breezes have scarcely strength

To unfold that little cloud, that like a shroud  
Spreads out its fleecy length, Then have no fear.

As we cleave our silver way thro' the waters clear

Fear not my child! tho' the waves are white & high

And the storm blows wild through the stormy sky

On the edge of the western sky, see that line of golden light  
Is the haven bright where home is awaiting thee

Where, this peril past, we shall rest from our  
Stormy voyage

In peace at last

Be not afraid; but give me thine hand & see

How the waves have made a cradle for thee

Night is come, dear & we shall rest



## Good Bye.

There is a little parting word  
Which few can say without a sigh.  
No wonder when the sound is heard  
It claims a tear from friendships eye.

For who could hear the last good-bye  
Without one tear of silent sorrow  
To think a friend that now is nigh  
May be far distant on the morrow.

With very fond love  
And best wishes from

June 15<sup>th</sup> 1873.

(Emma.)

## The Teacher.

With a longing look in her weary eyes,  
And a half unconscious sigh,  
She gazes out on the fresh green grass,  
And the glorious azure sky.

The warning bell is in her hand,  
As she stands in the open door,  
But mute & still, the shadow lines  
In the sunshine on the floor.

Her thoughts are wandering far away,  
She takes no note of time;

It matters not, the faithful clock  
Is on the strike of "nine".

The merry group of boys and girls;  
So busy at their play,

She watches with a half-formed wish  
That she was free as they.

The same old round of income toil,  
She follows without change,

And is it strange her mind should seek  
A wider, freer range.

But courage, weary, toiling one,

Your field of work is wide.

And though your lot may oft seem dark,



To My Dear Ruth.

---

I'll think of thee in winters night  
When the snow is on the green  
I'll think of thee in sunshine bright  
When Autumn binds the scene  
I'll think of thee when pleasures flow  
And mock the moonlight air  
I'll think of thee when kneeling low  
Before my God in prayer

Large Lecture Room.  
Trinity Sunday.

With fond love  
from ALR.

It has a sunny side.  
The little seeds you daily sow,  
Will reach a fertile soil,  
And by a harvest fair and bright  
Repay you for your toil.

---

Ruth.

## Someday - Sweetday.

There's a rest from all toil someday, sweetday,  
But its weary the waiting - weary.

There's a Harbor somewhere in a quiet Bay,  
Where the sails will be furled, and the ships  
will lay, at anchor  
Somewhere in the far away.  
But its weary the waiting - weary.

There's a rest for the sorrows of souls oppressed,  
But its weary the waiting - weary.  
Sometime in the future when God thinks best  
He will lay us tenderly down to rest  
And the roses will bloom from the thorns in our hearts,  
But its weary the waiting - weary.

There's a rest from the world with its busy <sup>fron</sup>  
But its weary the waiting - weary <sup>can</sup>  
There's a light somewhere that no dark, <sup>drown</sup>  
Where life's sad burdens are all laid down  
And a crown, thank God, for each <sup>crown</sup>  
But its weary the waiting - weary.



Hope on! Hope ever.

---

Hope on! ye patient soul of soul,  
Whence your lot be cast;  
The longest lane must have a turn,  
Reward will come at last.  
In freedom's voice let all rejoice,  
True courage knows no fear;  
The darkest day will pass away  
And a more brave bright and clear

---

Hope on! and never be dismayed  
By fortune's wavering hand  
Stand fast amid the storms of life  
Firm as the brave oak stands  
Remember how your fathers fought  
They conquered and they bled  
Through every form of danger passed  
Think of the mighty dead!

---

Hope on! and in the world's broad strife  
Seek for a spotless name  
A generous heart, an open hand

What nobler worth to claim!  
Live in the light of heaven's bright day  
Thun Reason, faith and Merit  
Let this your watchword ever be  
Our Country and our Queen

---

Hope on! Though storms surround your <sup>path</sup>  
Strive on! and look above  
The earthly seed in goodness sown  
Shall blossom into love  
Hope on! Hope on! be firm and strong  
The night will soon be past  
The morn awake the glad day break  
Heaven will come at last

---

To dear Ruth  
with the  
affectionate  
regards of  
Sallie Cook.



"  
Church Services"

The chimes from yonder steeple,  
Ring merrily and loud,  
And groups of people eager  
To ward their music crowd,  
Before the altar's railing -  
To Bride and Bridegroom stand  
And lacy folds are vailing,  
The loveliest in the land.  
And every ear is trying  
To hear the Bride reply, -  
Her soft but firm "I will",  
Her soft "I will" is spoken,  
A glance as soft exchanged,  
That now shall ne'er be broken  
Nor those fond hearts estranged.

---

Another train advances  
No bridal train is this,  
Yet there are joyous glances,  
And whispered words of bliss,  
With youthful pride and pleasure,

Within the Church they bear,  
The babe is now receiving  
Upon its placid face,  
The badge of the believing,  
The Holy sign of grace.

Another train is wending,  
Within the Church its way,  
While prayers are still ascending  
For blessings on that day.  
But here no Bride is blushing  
And here no babe is blest,  
But mourners tears are quaking  
For one laid down to rest.  
Bright dawns the bridal morning  
The font to us is dear,  
But come and hear the warning  
That's spoken to us here "  
To blight may soon be falling  
On joys however pure,  
Then let us make our calling  
And our election sure,  
And then the day of sorrow



A. Wish.

May the Blessings  
of thy God attend thee. May  
the sun of glory shine around thy head.  
May the gates of plenty, honour, & happiness be al-  
ways open to thee & thine. May no strife disturb thy  
days, nor sorrow distress thy nights, and the plea-  
sures of imagination attend thy dreams, & when length  
of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, & the curtains of  
death gently close round the last scene of thy existence  
May the Angels of God attend thy bed, and finally  
May the Saviour's Blood wash thee from all  
imperities, & at last usher thee into a land  
of everlasting felicity where care,  
sorrow and sighing are  
unknown.

Large Room  
June 8<sup>th</sup> 1873

With Annie L's  
best love.

Which lays us in the earth  
Shall have a brighter morrow  
Than that which saw our birth

Large Lecture Room

November 15<sup>th</sup> 1874

To dear Ruth  
With fond love from  
Thirza Webb.

### Around the Corner

Around the corner I have a friend,  
In this great city that has no end;  
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,  
And before I know it a year is gone,  
And I never see my old friend's face;  
For Life is a swift and terrible race.  
He knows I like him just as well  
As in the days when I rang his bell  
And he rang mine. We were younger  
then;  
And now we are busy, tired men—  
Tired with playing a foolish game;  
Tired with trying to make a name.  
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,  
Just to show that I am thinking of him."  
But tomorrow comes—and tomorrow  
goes;  
And the distance between us grows and  
grows.

Around the corner!—yet miles away.  
"Here's a telegram, sir." "Jim died to-  
day!"  
And that's what we get—and deserve in  
the end—  
Around the corner, a vanished friend.  
—Charles Hanson Towne.

\*



## Sweet Spirit Comfort Me

In the hour of my distress  
When temptations me oppress  
And when I my sins confess  
"Sweet Spirit Comfort Me"

When I lie upon my bed  
Sick in heart and sick in head  
And with doubts disquieted  
"Sweet Spirit Comfort Me"

When the tempter me pursueth  
With the sins of all my youth  
And condemns me with untruth  
"Sweet Spirit Comfort Me"

When the judgement is revealed  
And that opened which is sealed  
When to Thee I have appealed  
"Sweet Spirit Comfort Me"

June 8/73

With fond love  
From Lucia

## Dead Autumn.

Pallid and cold she lies on fallen sheaves,  
Her white limbs damp, her golden air unbound  
Covered for shroud with yellow dark dead leaves  
Waiting for winter snow to wrap her round  
Heath! the grey vault of heaven no stir, no sound,  
Save the sad moaning of the wind that grieves,  
Mass her cold slumber! Ah poor Queen disrowned!  
We loved thee well, right royal was thy sway.  
Yet thus it is that all we love must pass  
Even as thou poor queen has passed away  
For all thy wealth of glory. Flesh is grass.  
And life is but a shadow & the sun  
Shines but a little ere the night comes on  
But wait tired hearts, the dawn hath not  
begun

To dear Ruth  
with kind love

from  
E. M. Hamara



"Make the best of it."

Life is but a fleeting dream  
Care destroys the rest of it.  
Swift it glideth like a stream  
Mind you make the best of it.

Talk not of your weary woes,  
Troubles or the rest of it,  
If we have but brief repose  
Let us make the best of it.

Trusting in the power above,  
Which sustaining all of us,  
In one common bond of love  
Binds the great & small of us.

Whatsoever may befall  
Sorrows or the rest of it  
We shall overcome them all  
If we make the best of it.

July 15<sup>th</sup> 1873.

With fond love  
& best wishes from  
"Florence!"

I wish to be alone.

I wish to be alone; I know not why,  
But still I wish to be alone, to sigh,  
Per chance to weep, to shed the silent tear  
And let the heart over-flow when none are near.

---

I wish to be alone; the chords that twine  
My heart are like the tendrils of a vine  
Which have been torn by some rude passer-by,  
And left upon the stem to droop and die.

---

I wish to be alone; I cannot tell  
How this dark mantle o'er my spirits fell,  
But this I know, a shadowy veil is thrown  
Around me, and I wish to be "alone".

---

I wish to be alone; and there to feel  
A calm and melancholy pleasure steal  
Upon the senses, like a softened light  
Reflected through the curtains of the night

---



I wish to be alone; and for a while  
Forget the heartless world's delusive smile;  
Seek shelter from the storms that here intrude  
And find a sweet relief in solitude.

June 30<sup>th</sup> / 1873.

From E. L.

My Mother's Hands.  
Those beautiful, beautiful hands  
They're neither white nor small,  
And you, I know would scarcely think  
That they were fair at all.  
I've looked on hands whose form & hue  
A sculptor's dream might be,  
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands  
More beautiful to me.  
Such beautiful, beautiful hands  
Though heart was weary & sad,  
Those patient hands kept toiling on  
That children might be glad.  
I almost weep, as looking back  
To childhood's distant day,

I think how these hands rested not  
When mine were at their play.  
Such beautiful, beautiful hands  
They're growing feeble now,  
For time and pain have left their mark  
On hand, and heart, and brow.  
Alas! Alas! - the nearing time  
And the sad, sad day to me,  
When 'neath the daisies out of sight  
These hands shall folded be  
But oh! beyond this shadowy land,  
Where all is bright and fair  
I know full well those dear old hands  
Will palms of victory bear, -  
Where crystal streams through endless years  
Flow over golden sands,  
And where the old grow young again  
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

To dear Ruth  
With love & best wishes  
from Fanny



## Resignation

There is no flock, however watched & tended  
But one dead lamb is there;!  
There is no fireside, however defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

She is not dead, - the child of our affection  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness & seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution  
She lives, whom we call dead.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,  
And anguish long suppressed.  
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean  
That cannot be at rest, -

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay  
By silence sanctifying not concealing  
The grief that must have way.

Large Lecture Room.  
June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1873.

To Ruth  
with Love  
from Josephine.



# Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er & o'er —  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than I have been before  
sss=====sss=====sss

Nearer my Father's house  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white Throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea, —  
sss=====sss=====sss

Nearer the bound of life  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the Cross,  
Nearer gaining the Crown.  
sss=====sss=====sss

But lying darkly between  
Winding down thro' the night,  
Is the dim & unknown stream  
That leads at last to the light  
sss=====sss=====sss

Closer, closer my feet  
Come to that dark abyss,  
Closer death to my lips,  
Presses the awful chasm.

sss=====sss=====sss

Saviour perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the might of my faith  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death.

sss=====sss=====sss

Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink;  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think.

sss=====sss=====sss

Large Lecture Room

Aug: 31<sup>st</sup> 1873

sss=====sss=====sss

To dear Ruth  
with fond love  
from Annie

sss=====sss=====sss



# Gentle Words

|||—————|||—————|||

How sweet are the words of kindness  
From those dear ones we love  
How like celestial favours  
Descended from above

|||—————|||—————|||

The heart all seared with sadness  
Revvies and loves again  
Like fainting summer flowers  
Beneath the welcome rain

|||—————|||—————|||

The ways of life are stormy  
Beset with snare and vile  
No flowery paths are trodden  
Except where dreams beguile

|||—————|||—————|||

And every year we wander  
Along the dreary maze  
A deeper tinge of sadness  
Comes over the mental gaze  
§§§ ————— §§§ ————— §§§

It is true the cloudy curtain  
Above us sometimes parts  
And gleams of balmy sunshine  
Fall on our drooping hearts  
§§§ ————— §§§ ————— §§§

They are those words of kindness  
That greet our grateful ears  
From friends whose lengthened silence  
I counted up in years  
§§§ ————— §§§ ————— §§§

I guard those wordy treasures  
As miser guards his hoards  
How costless yet how priceless  
Are sweet and gentle words  
§§§ ————— §§§ ————— §§§

Go Ruth

With love  
from Alice #



Remembrance

Though time may pass & years may fly  
And every hope decay & die;  
Though every joyful dream may set,  
Yet thee I never can forget.

ss ———— u ———— u

Though distant—thow yet—still my heart  
From love & thee can never part—  
I'll bless the hour when first we met—  
For thee I never can forget.

ss ———— u ———— u

To dear Ruth  
With fond love  
From Gladys

Large Lecture Room  
Sept: 28<sup>th</sup>/73.

"On Woman"

While Adam slept - God from him took  
A bone, - and as an omen

He made it like a seraph look

And thus created woman

He took this bone, not from his pate

To show her power more ample

Nor from his feet to designate

That he on her might trample.

But 'neath his arm to clearly show

He always would protect her

And beat his heart to let him know

How much he should respect her.

He took this bone crooked enough

Most crooked of the human

To show him how much crooked stuff

He'd always find in Woman.



## Ebb Tide

On a summer eve when the sun was low  
An old man sat in the golden glow  
The waves were crashing the sandy stones  
And calm and sweet were the languid tones,  
He looked, and listened, and softly sighed  
As he heard the voice of the ebbing tide.

He had passed his threescore years and ten  
He had smiled and wept like other men  
Brother, and parent, friend and wife  
Had drifted over the sea of life  
To the peaceful shore where the saints abide  
But he was left by the ebbing tide.

Left all alone with the dreamy past  
A battered hull on a shingle fast  
No more to ride on the swelling main  
Nor feel the shock of the storm again  
He lay at peace by the ocean tide  
To wait the coming of Death's great tide.

That solemn tide with its voiceless roll  
Shall bear on the wave the weary soul  
To the blessed land where the angel throng  
Will hail its coming with holy song  
And the home of that faithful heart shall be  
A place of rest by the "Crystal Sea."

---

To Dear Ruth  
With Fond Love  
& Best Wishes of  
Dellie H.

---



## The Teacher's Crown

The weary teacher smelt alone - The tears were falling  
one by one  
And the sad and pining thoughts had fled  
from the Holy Page before me spread  
Shall my labours e'er so fruitless prove? Shall  
I win none to my Saviour's love?  
Will none of my little flock be mine? In the  
Saviour's crown of life to shine.  
A widowed mother wept & wept, for her little  
fair-headed darling, slept,  
But her child's last breath as she passed away,  
was of her of whom she had learnt to pray;  
And the mother thought of her happy child,  
till her aching heart to the cross was wild  
And she smelt all the foot of the blessed one, and  
learned his love as the child had done  
A man with a branded brow bent low, beneath his  
burden of guilt & woe;  
When the words of his early teacher stole like sunlight  
into his darkened soul  
He rose to another life that day the grief and

The shame had rolled away  
As he sped to the land of the rising sun, to learn  
what the Lord of life had done  
A grave brow'd maiden her service bore, to the squalid  
haunts of the city poor  
With aid to the poor & fatherless, and the story of  
pages for the soul's desire,  
This was the squalid unruly child, who never  
answered and never smiled  
But she saw the teacher had sown with care, had  
grown and blossomed & ripened there  
Sweet voiceless whisperings had filled the air, and  
music wafted from religious fair.  
It was the music of hearts his love had stirred, of those  
who gathered through the word,  
And the teacher entered not heaven alone, though  
she felt that none might have been done.  
But though faith wearied & hope grew dim her  
faith & trust had been placed in him

Large Lecture Room  
Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> 1893

To my dear Ruth  
With best love  
From Jimmy



## Separation.

Oh! 'tis one scene of parting here  
Love's watchword is "Farewell"  
And almost starts the falling tear  
He dried the last that fell.

Yes, but to feel that one most dear,  
Is needful to the heart,  
When straight a voice is uttering now  
Imperious— "You must part."

Oft too we doom ourselves to grieve  
For wealth or glory rare,  
But say can wealth or glory give  
Aught that can equal love.

And could we live— if we believed  
The future like the past,  
Still we hope on though still deceived  
The hour will come at last.

Nov: 23<sup>rd</sup> 1873.

In loving remembrance  
of Lusie.

## Fond Wishes

May the blessing of Jesus, thy foot-  
steps attend

May the love of the Spirit remain  
with thy friend

May the joys of salvation around  
thee be shed

From union with Christ thy adoration  
Head

If by inward or outward affections  
distress

May the Lord be thy refuge, thy  
comfort, thy rest

And sweetly reclining on Jesus' arm  
Mayst thou travel the wilderness  
guarded from harm

When thy pilgrimage here shall  
draw near to an end

May spirits angelic thy pillow attend  
And when by thy foot the  
dark valley is trod



May thy steps be upheld  
by a Covenant God

To dear Ruth  
With fond love  
from Kate

---

Large Lecture Room  
October 26/43

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## The Rainy Day.

The day is cold, & dark, & dreary;  
It rains, & the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark & dreary.

---

My life is cold, & dark, & dreary;  
It rains & the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark & dreary.

---

Be still, sad heart! & cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark & dreary.

---

Longfellow

In affectionate remembrance  
of  
Ethel



# Strive, Watch, and Pray.

Strive; yet I do not promise  
The prize you dream of to-day,  
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,  
And melt in your hand away;  
But another and holier treasure,  
You would not perchance disdain  
Will come when your toil is over,  
And pay you for all your gain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you  
The hour you long for now  
Will not come with its radiance vanished  
And a shadow upon its brow;  
Yet far through the misty future  
With a crown of starry light,  
An hour of joy you know not,  
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleading,

"Yet pray, and with hopeful tears,  
In answer, not that you long for,  
But diviner, will come one day;  
Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
Yet strive, and wait, and Pray.

==

To dear Ruth  
With love from  
Alice H. --- B. ---

Large Lecture Room  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 1873.

==

Giving.

"And must I be giving again and again?"

"Oh, no," said the angel! - His glance  
pierced me through,

"Just give till the Master stops giving  
to you."



# Parting.

Who has not felt at parting  
How hard it is to stay  
The tear that will be starting,  
The sigh that will have sway?  
Yet in spite of Hope's soft whisper,  
Oh! the heart is rent in twain  
By the thought that still keeps rising,  
We may never meet again!

§ § " § § " § § " § §  
This is a world of sorrow,  
A vale of sighs and tears;  
Then boast not of to-morrow,  
We know not what it bears.  
But there is a blessed region,  
Where, redeemed from every stain,  
Those who here have loved and parted,  
Meet, and never part again!

§ § " § § " § § " § §  
Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> 1843.

Go dearest Ruth  
With fond love from  
Jessie. S.

Scraps

"Would you be blest, be true;  
Lean on deception, the vile reed shall break  
And justly pierce the hand that planted it,  
Be truth your staff, what path so rough so dark  
Lonely or dangerous, but you shall pass  
Safe to the end

---

"Honour and shame from no condition rise  
Act well your part: There all the  
honour lies"

---

"Fear to do base unworthy things; is valour,  
If they be done, to us, To suffer them  
is valour too"

---

From Mercie

Scrap.

Happiness depends on man's ignorance  
of future events and on his hope of a  
future state.

Pope.



## A Wish

God be with thee thou must wander  
through a world of toil and care  
God be with thee; sin and sorrow  
Soon may cloud thy dawning fair.

God be with thee; friends may fail thee  
treachery thy bosom rend  
God be with thee when assail thee  
Heartless foe or faithless friend.

God be with thee, vice may snare thee  
Death and sorrow ring thy heart  
God be with thee - pardon - spare thee  
Strength to thee from Heaven impart.

God be with thee - guide - and bless thee  
Lead thee where true comforts dwell  
God be with thee - Earth caress thee  
Heaven receive thee; - Fare thee well.

Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1879.

To dear Ruth  
With the best wishes  
of Pollie Billett.

Scraps.

However it be it seems to me, 'Tis only noble to be good,  
Kind hearts are more than coronets, & simple faith  
than Norman Blood.

— (Tennyson.)

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round.  
If they have nothing else to do, they must themselves be ground.  
"Long fellow"

— Fools step in headlong  
Where angels fear to tread

— (Pope, (Shakespeare))

Man's lore is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence.

— (Byron)

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows & in miseries.

— (Shakespeare)

Pride however disguised is littleness  
And he who feels contempt for anything  
But sin, hath faculties unused.

The silence of pure innocence often persuades  
when speaking fails.



Little things are best.

---

When anything abounds, we find  
That nobody will have it,  
But when there's little of the kind  
Don't all the people Crave it?

---

If wives are evils, as is known  
And woefully confessed,  
The man who's wise will surely own,  
A little one is best

---

The god of love's a little wight  
But beautiful as thought  
Thou too art little, fair, as light  
And everything - in short

---

Oh happy girl I think thee so  
For mark the poet's song  
"Man wants but little here below  
Nor wants that little 'long'"

---

With love  
from Emma Chalfont.

"My times are in Thy hand"

Father I know that all my life, Is portioned out <sup>for me</sup> by Thee  
And the changes that are sure to come, I do not fear to see  
But I ask Thee for a present mind, Intent on pleasing Thee.  
I ask Thee for a faithful love, Through constant watching too  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles, And wipe the tearful eye  
A heart at leisure from itself, To sooth and sympathize.  
I would not have the restless will, That hurries too and fro  
Seeking for some great work to do, Or secret thing to know  
I would be treated as a child, And guided where to go.  
Wherever in the world I am, In whatever state

I have a fellowship with hearts, To keep and cultivate  
And a work of lowly love to do, For the Lord on whom I live  
So I ask Thee for the daily strength, To none that ask denied.  
And a mind to blend with outward life, While keeping <sup>thy side</sup> at  
Content to dwell in little space, So Thou be glorified.

There are briars besetting every path, That call for constant care  
There is a crook in every path, And an earnest need for prayer  
But the lowly heart that lean on God, Is happy anywhere  
In a service which Thy love appoints, There are no bonds for me  
But my secret heart is taught the truth, Which make Thy  
children free

And a life of self-renouncing love, Is a life of liberty  
A. L. Haring



## Lines to Roman

---

Do not love - but if thou lovest and art a  
woman hide thy love from him whom  
thou dost worship - Never let him know  
how dear he is to thee - Flit before him  
like a bird - Draw him from tree to tree  
from flower to flower but be not won  
or else if like that bird when caged  
caught and caged thou wilt be left to  
pine and perish in forgetfulness

To dear Ruth with  
love and sincere wishes  
of Annie S. ---

---

Scrap.

He who always receives and never gives, acquires  
as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish  
character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent  
impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel and think  
of care only for himself "hawes"

## "Scrap"

Place the bright side upwards,  
That's the way to do;  
Tis better so for others, tis better so for you  
As through the world you jostle,  
Dull care you'll often meet  
And many a sturdy Aussle  
Will end in your defeat.  
When actions done in kindness  
Are churlishly received  
And words of truth & kindness  
By friends are not believed  
Then place the bright side upwards etc.  
When practice & profession  
In others don't agree  
Remember none's perfection.  
And judge with charity  
So place the bright side upwards  
That's the way to do;  
Tis better so for others  
Tis better so for you.

---



"Wither, thou turbid wave?  
Wither with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,  
Stained with my margin's dust;  
From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream I fly  
To the sea's immensity,  
To wash from me the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time"

Longfellow

Nov: 30<sup>th</sup> 1873  
M.D.

## The proper use of the tongue.

We should not use our tongues,

1. To rail or brawl against any one.
2. To speak evil of others in their absence.
3. To exaggerate in any of our statements.
4. To speak harshly to children or to the poor.
5. To swear, lie, or use obscene language.
6. To hazard random and improbable statements.
7. To speak rashly and violently on any subject.
8. To deceive people by circulating false reports.
9. To offer up lip-service in religion.
10. To take the Name of God in vain.

But we should employ them

1. To convey to mankind useful information.
2. To instruct our families, & others who need it.
3. To reprove and admonish the wicked.
4. To comfort and console the afflicted.
5. To cheer the timid and the fearful.
6. To defend the innocent & the oppressed.
7. To plead for the fatherless & the widow.
8. To congratulate the success of the virtuous.
9. To confess our faults one to another.
10. To pray to God and speak His praise.



Perap:-

All is not-attractive that-is good. Iron does not sparkle like the diamond; yet- it is useful; gold has not the fragrance of a flower; yet- it- is valuable; - so - different- persons have different- graces of excellence, & to be just, we must- have an eye to all.

Alice L. . . .

Some murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright- to others;  
If but- one speck of dark appear  
In their broad heaven of blue;  
And some with thankful love are filled,  
If but- one streak of light-  
One ray of God's good Mercy, mild  
The darkness of their light-

Dean Lench.

November 30<sup>th</sup>/73.

Yours most-affectionately,  
Alice L.

Thy will not mine, O Lord  
However dark it be,  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.  
Smooth let it be or rough  
It will be still the best  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to thy rest.  
I dare not choose my lot  
I would not if I might  
Choose thou for me, my God  
So shall I walk aright.  
The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine  
Else I must surely stray.  
Take Thou my cup and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem,  
Choose Thou my good and will.  
Choose Thou for me my friends  
My sickness or my health  
Choose Thou my cares for me



# A Good Wife

"A good wife is Heaven's best gift to man, his angel of mercy, his minister of graces unnumerable his gain of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice his sweetest music; her smile his brightest day; her arm the pale of his safety; her kiss the guardian of innocence; her memory his safest steward; and her prayer the ablest harbinger of Heaven's blessings on his head."

Large Lecture Room  
November 30<sup>th</sup> 1873

To dear Ruth  
With the fond love  
Of "Nellie"

My poverty or wealth,  
Not mine, not mine the choice  
Of things, or great, or small,  
Be Thou my guide, my strength  
My wisdom & my all.

Ruth.

# Memory

Oh, keep me in your memory,  
I will not ask you more;  
We may not meet as we have met,  
How youth's bright dream is o'er;  
Your path and mine through life maybe  
In future far apart,  
But time may bring us change of scene,  
And yet not change of heart.  
For you for me our path may be,  
Apart the world to brave;  
But keep me in your memory,  
That's all, that's all I crave.

To dearest Ruth  
with love from  
Julia West.

SSS



## A Sonnet

I dreamed I saw a little boy child,  
With flower tinsels in a garden playing;  
Now stopping here and then afar off straying  
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.  
I was changed — the summer day I stepped aside  
To let him pass his face had manhood seeming;  
And that full eye of blue was boldly beaming  
In a fair maiden whom he called his bride.  
Once more I was changed and the cheerful fire  
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding  
And in the midst I marked the smiling girl.  
The heavens were clouded: and I heard the toll  
Of a slow moving bell — the white haired man was gone!

Dec 2<sup>nd</sup> 1843

With A's Love

God knows it all.

In deep recesses of the Spirit's chamber  
Is there some hidden grief thou may'st not tell  
Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember  
This pitying eye, who knows and sees it well

God knows it all.

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation  
And would'st do good, but evil still prevails  
Oh! think amid the waves of tribulation  
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge fails

God knows it all.

And dost thou sin! thy deeds of shame concealing  
In some dark spot no human eye can see—  
Then walk in pride, without one sign revealing  
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee:

God knows it all.

Art thou oppressed, & poor, & heavy-hearted  
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed  
And well nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted  
Go friendly voice to say "Be not afraid?"

God knows it all.



Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear drops flowing,  
For one so early lost to earth and Thee —

The depth of grief, no human spirit knowing  
Which mourns in secret like the moaning sea  
God knows it all.

Do not thou look back upon a life of sinning  
Forward & tremble for thy future lot;  
There's One who sees the end from the beginning  
The penitential tear is forgot —

God knows it all.

Then go to God: Put out your heart before Him  
There is no grief your Father cannot feel  
And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him  
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal:

God knows it all.

---

With very fond love  
and best wishes  
from Laura.

---

# The Sisters' Farewell.

"====="

Sisters fare ye well; for I must go away  
Pass the earthly rivers & the mountains grey  
Through the narrow valley up the Heavenly Road  
To the shining portals on the Hill of God  
Sisters fare ye well.

Fare ye well my sisters, happy have we been  
In our gentle friendship tender & serene  
Now my stay is over, I am drawing nigh  
To our home eternal in the sunny sky  
Sisters fare ye well.

Sisters if ye long to see my face again  
Love the Lamb of God who suffered not in vain.  
He hath cleansed me wholly free from guilt & sin  
See the pure white raiment, He hath clothed me in  
Sisters fare ye well.

I hear heavenly voices I hear angels' wings  
And the low, sweet gushing of immortal springs  
See the temple open, Hark the Holy bell



Coming, Saviour, coming, Sisters fare ye well.  
Sisters fare ye well.

"=====

First Class Room. With  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 1843. Sincerest Wishes  
from E. H. G.

An Advertisement.

"=====

Wanted a hand to hold my own  
As down life's vale I glide  
Wanted an arm to lean upon  
For ever by my side  
Wanted a firm and steady foot  
With steps secure and free  
To take its straight and onward pace  
Over life's path with me.  
Wanted a form erect and high  
A head above my own  
So much that I might walk beneath  
Its shadow o'er me thrown  
Wanted an eye within whose light  
Mine own might look and see  
Uprising from a guileless heart  
Overflow with love for me.

— Look it in the Face —

If a trouble should arise,

No matter from what point,  
Though you're taken by surprise,

And the time is out of joint,  
Never turn aside your head,

Nor make a wry grimace,  
But, before a word is said,

Boldly look it in the face.  
A good firm honest look

Is never out of place;  
Bring trouble straight to book,

And look it in the face.  
So when danger shall appear—

If from accident or man—  
Don't give way to grief or fear

Till its potency you scan.  
In the long run, right is might;

And the best way wrong to chase  
Is to put all fear to flight

And to look it in the face.  
A good firm honest look

Is never out of place;  
Bring all that's wrong to book,

And look it in the face.



## In Memoriam.

Mourn not-bereaved ones - the Lord hath called  
away

The dear one whom we loved so well

She might not longer stay.

She is an angel now, & stands amid the throng  
Who see the Master's face, and sing

The everlasting Song.

Oh! think no shade of care can fall upon her  
now

Nor ever one sad anxious thought

Closed o'er her fair young brow.

You'll hear her voice again, see her bright

form once more

She'll stand amid the shining ones

On the Eternal Shore.

For she has reached the land, where sorrows  
never come,

Is one amid the shining band,

In the great Father's Home.

Gone from this cold drear world, from  
Sorrow, Sin & Strife  
Gone to a fairer brighter land  
And everlasting life.

---

And could her dear sweet voice, speak to us  
from above  
She'd bid each mourning heart-rejoice  
And whisper words of love.  
Would bid us dry our tears, wait-till the call  
is given  
And parted loved ones meet-again  
One family in Heaven.

---

August-9<sup>th</sup> 1844.

With best love of  
Mary Williams.



## Then & Now.

She stood at the threshold at evening,  
She was clad in her bridal dress,  
She knew he was ready to greet her  
And she longed for his fond caress.

'Twas the robe she would wear on the <sup>morrow</sup>  
And she wanted her love to see,  
How fair was his chosen flower  
How beautiful his darling could be.

And Hope with her glittering finger  
Bade her look to the life before  
And she smiled in the mirth of her spirit  
As she stood at the study door.

Years passed, three short years of gladness  
And the stream of her young life flowed  
Like the stream of a laughing rivulet  
When the sunshine pursues no cloud.

## Ladies Names

There is a strange deformity, combined with countless graces,  
As often in the ladies' names, as in the ladies' faces.

Some names are fit for every age, some only fit for youth;

Some passing sweet and musical, some horribly uncouth;  
Some fit for dames of loftiest grades,  
Some only fit for scullery-maids.

Ann is too plain and common, and Nancy sounds ~~but~~ ill,  
Yet Anna is endurable, and Annie better still.

There is a grace in Charlotte, in Eleanor a state,  
An elegance in Isabelle, a lightness in Kate;

And Sarah is sedate and neat,

And Ellen innocent and sweet.

Matilda has a sickly sound, fit for a nurse's trade;

Sophia is effeminate, and Esther sage and staid

Elizabeth's a matchless name, fit for a Queen to wear -

In castle, cottage, hut or hall, a name beyond compare:

And Bess and Bessie follow well, but Betsy is detestable.

Maria is too forward, and Gertrude is too gruff,

Yet coupled with a pretty face, is pretty name enough.

And Adelaide is fanciful, and Laura is too fine,

But Emily is beautiful, and Mary is divine.

Maud only suits a high-born dame,

And Fanny is a baby-name.



Eliza is not very choice. Jane is too blunt and cold,  
And Martha somewhat sorrowfull, and Lucy proud and cold.  
Aurelia is too light and gay, fit only for a flirt,  
And Caroline is vain and shy, and Flora smart and <sup>rest;</sup>rest;  
Louisa is too soft and sleek,

But Alice gentle, chaste, and meek.  
And Harriet is confiding, and Clara grave and mild,  
And Emma is affectionate, and Janet arch and wild.  
And Patience is expressive, and Grace is old and rare,  
And Hannah's warm and dutiful, and Margaret frank and fair;  
And Faith, and Hope, and Charity

Are heavenly names for sisters three.  
Rebecca for a Jewess, Rose for a country belle,  
And Agnes for a blushing bride, will suit exceedingly well.  
And Phoebe for a widow's wife, Joanna for a prude,  
And Rachel for a gipsy wench, are all extremely good.  
And Judith for a s-cold and churl,  
And Susan for a sailor's girl.

"Working good is strange in Love" Charlotte Jones  
June 30/74  
Love comes to us naturally when we  
are allowing our selves to fit into Love  
than instead of pulling against it"

And again doth she stand on the threshold  
Where she stood on that happy night  
But her eyes are no longer laughing  
Her dress is no longer white.

And the sorrow that plays o'er her features  
Is as dark as the robe she wears  
And a wreath of undying flowers  
To lay on the dead she bears.

For he never more shall greet her  
He shall rise to receive her no more  
The voice which she loved is silent  
As she waits at the study door.

Then her step was so firm & eager  
It is now so subdued & slow  
Then 'twas he who had stooped to kiss <sup>her</sup>  
She must kneel to kiss him now.

With love &  
Best wishes  
From  
Scholarship Lucy



## The Widow of Nain.

They bore him forth, her only son and dead,  
Herself a widow! The brave, manly arm  
That should have sheltered her from want & harm  
Was cold and powerless. Her last hope fled,  
Out by the city gate she sadly sped,  
To lay him in the quiet sleeping place  
Where slept his fathers. So by God's high grace,  
No heroines stand e'en now by grave or bed.

"Weep not," the Saviour saith; & though the eye  
Of all be wet, what time the dear  
Departing one lies stretched on bed or bier  
The cheek of those brave women still is dry.  
Faith points their vision up to God's blue sky,  
Where live the mis-called dead. Nay, visions bright  
In haunted homes, through the still solemn night  
Act o'er this scene at Nain. The lost ones are sought.

Large Lecture Room  
Advent Sunday 1874

To dearest Ruth  
With the kind love  
and wishes of Pollie Lewis



### "Out of Touch"

Only a smile, yes, only a smile  
That a woman overburdened with grief  
Expected from you; 'twould have given her relief,  
For her heart ached sore the while;  
But weary and cheerless she went away,  
Because, as it happened, that very day  
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a word, yes, only a word  
That the Spirit's small voice whispered "speak,"  
But the worker passed onward unblest and weary  
Whom you were meant to have stirred  
To courage, devotion and love anew,  
Because when the message came to you,  
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note  
To a friend in a distant land;  
The spirit said, "Write", but then you had planned  
Some different work and you thought  
It mattered little, you did not know  
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe  
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song  
That the Spirit said, "Sing tonight"  
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right;  
But you thought, "Mid this motley throng,  
Scarcely fit to sing of the city of gold."  
And the heart that your words might have reached, grew cold,  
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.



Out of Touch - Continued.

Only a day, yes, only a day,  
But oh can you guess, my friend,  
Where the influence reaches, and where it will end,  
Of the hours you frittered away?  
Thy master's command is "Abide with me".  
And fruitless and vain will your service be  
If "out of touch" with your Lord.

Mrs. Florence Bryan - Oct. 28, 1918.



